



P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Melissa Severin (Chicago, USA): Poem Explaining...

POEM EXPLAINING WHY I DO NOT FORGET

There's a pattern to this: targets
overflow with arrows, a flood in need
of fields, a mouth wide, black and full of steam,

a coffee cup without coffee, an oil slick
confined to puddles under streetlights, the future
ice cubes still water in the tap.

Here's a hint: take the eclipse
and anniversaries—divide by three—
steal salt from blood,

somewhere there are tonsils to scavenge
and mason jars buried in front yards,
full of doldrums, beat back

bells that chime better names for old lovers,
use the card catalog and consult a surgeon
who's taken a shot, one who's been stabbed. At least once

practice being suffocated by stars,
wear a snake as a charm
bracelet and break thin ice; swim underneath.

The solution's mortared in crowned molars,
in the full tone of drop-D, songs without words
to sing, a look when no one's looking,

Editor:

- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Mar..."
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "The Stranger"
- P.F.S. Post Anthology (USA, UK, Australia, Canada)...
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 32"
- Interviews with the Editor (New Orleans, USA, Lond...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "A Shoe Box The..."
- Jeremy Eric Tenenbaum (Philadelphia, USA): "dear gr"
- Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): "yao"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Party"
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 105"

Contributors

- Adam Fieled



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Ouija boards and wish bones. For clarity,
look at a wrist, the pulse twitch
of veins, vibrations, rivers

dammed by skin. Could it be more obvious?
It's in the hand, the palm of the hand,
hands were made for this:
hold on.

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Lina Ramona Vitkauskas (Chicago, USA): Two Poems

YOU ARE THIS IF I AM THIS
After Scalapino's That They Were At The Beach

Chewing a mum, the morning pollution
adding myself to the photograph,
trancing through the algorithm
of Klimt's ingrown hair;

the velocity of monuments,
of caterpillar sunshine,
each brave larynx, each sole
near the breath; don't hurt yourself;

a phoenix in sickness, a carbiou
placed inside the leaking alibi,
my furious curls clenching
the postulates of traffic, of night.
you are this if I am this,
a validated wasp, a pattern of
cantaloupe fire. each layer of
modern compression that death drinks,
leveling the pendulum like medication.

with Roman candle and green bean laurel

girls weep at the moment of preservation
chattering, do you ever feel
as if you just fell down a well?
I added myself to this photograph,
a plastic soul, a patient,
and to all of the violet water
at the window
rising for no one.

IMAGINE YOU ARE A GIFT TO BE GIVEN

1.
the shock of your vanilla carbon;
eggs in a cough as a Bosc
2.
corrupt monitors with Naval
Hospital damage poisoned you
3.
a puzzle, an asteroid, laughing
about Dennis Quaid in cars
4.
I decomposed. My mother stuck
her fingernails into my occipital lobe
in the dark to soothe me.
5.
ammonia stone of clean woman.

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Larry Sawyer (Chicago, USA): Four Poems

DANCING OFF THE EDGES OF OUR LIVES

We notice ordinary things like flower pots

filled with sighs and closets dripping
monsters. Is it time yet to depart
from the cloistered probability
that our study of cognac has yielded no
transparencies other than what we
imagined? Here in the future our
wings are mere footnotes
ancanthus medallion, ribbon of sky,
facts smile from posterior gardens.
There is a spy called wonder who watches our
habits. There is a virtue to the geometry of
sleep for a friend is a ruddered thing requiring
citations and phosphorescent rooms.

ANOTHER BALLAD OF MAPS AND GLOBES

Inbetween our faith incontinent
wheezes like a newly invented
instrument upon which we play
the hills from here to there.
Pretty tombstones like teeth
and not like teeth chew the
moon looking down upon this mess,
humans racing to and fro without alibis.
Capsized in the desert they will find us
crouching in the gutters of time
explorers of the inner side of nowhere.

RHINOCEROS CONFETTI

As if there was a man who wore the
mask of a man and that man
noticed behind the mask that there
were shadows covering the earth
like semesters. The man realized he
had a lot to learn. So he studied the
tongues of the shadows as they

spoke a language he'd never heard.
At night they sang the most
intricately embroidered songs.

Perhaps there was a refrigerator in the
sky that he rode to forget himself,
this man who exhaled librarians.
Day and night he read the
silence, cutting his throat with
syllogisms. Butterflies burst forth from his
calamari as he ate it. He noted these
details lazily and continued with his
reverent stroking of the sun.

WAY TO PAMELA ANDERSON

Dare we not say you are gauche
gazing out from between the bars of the television screen
betwixt lip jobs Pamela Anderson pouts
the beach beneath her feet
all the world her magazine, she coos
trying to suddenly remember her line
as the sun licks the horizon a final time and descends
“Way to Pamela, Pamela Anderson!” someone
on the beach shouts. Pamela Anderson cannot
figure out if it's condescension she's
hearing or sarcasm. She raises an arm
and waves back yelling jubilantly,
“Thank you, anonymous beach person!”

© Larry Sawyer 2007

Andrew Lundwall (Rockford, Illinois, USA): Three Prose Poems from *Pinocchio*

#1

i found the empty life lasting beyond waiting being filled (going over) - you hear my

voice in your queue of heading - you operated yourselves with the fear hidden on the
floor of space like being slept - a robber down my stolen book where page divides
early childhood with a sulky song - crimes beyond colours go disgust-exciting to
educate me who is sadly not long - fire-place-stained life span you is older the
evening maintained - here-smiling the miracle notion around fires of gutter dancing
and alive you hear my voice - do you hear my voice with glacial friendliness because
it does not believe everyone nowadays - i have felt the sea's sad fact that there is
room for improvement - pinocchio's cliff of the silver screen coming to contact you
screaming to you - there are works for you surplus on the black pavement of space -
notion fires on in the angle of a closed book - i have felt friendship pools invested in
plowing appreciation - transience laughing to dance my voice in the tail of the sun it
sees the red and black color of possible screw longitudinally

#2

gepetto sunset master lied about his childhood - cave eyes stood imploringly - secret
hands plot false voluptuousness make something right risking violation - masks bonily
fray the shadow of voice - scratching minutes - say pattern the night when goodbyes
wither - o her mouth silently names broken eyes misaligned - tongue ends gathered
green stains of forget utensils do the signs

#3

the sunflowers all bloomed silverly - discover angel eyes lamenting trees inside voice
- deep broke song trees - trembling hands' clairvoyant blues - breathless sharp red
fare of information - dreamless little eclipse of bleak oak face confined to carpentry
named *thanks for fuel* approached extreme of recreated childhood - his moonlike
bleeding tongue works that last time following the say seed through speechless grief
- sighs *no refuge for wooden sickness*

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Steve Halle (Palatine, Illinois, USA): Three Prose Poems

#1

dear dangerfeld,
remember this riddle: in an opera box, Genius and Tyranny compete with constant elbows and jostles. the audience enraptured by distracting commotion misses the simple melody of dramas. by interwoven discourse, dinosaurs. the short arms flagellate an imperfection. a mixture of metallic materials contained in a matrix of zinc. perfect creatures and an extinction of teeth. remembrancing in a pac-man world i know the location of all the ghosts. yet still misstep. a failure to position my yellow orb in space and time. nowadays, memory is so first-person shooter. i see what i see but lurkers inhabit a finite beyond. like an infancy. no one remembers the self they create until they remember period. what if i created a beast of myself? o the pains of personhood! in the darkroom, i'm enamored of the moment before the chemicals bring forth image. then later the bubbles of a picture as it burns. in the infrared, i hear voices of the maestro. if the opera fails to satisfy, sleep. yet be forewarned, the fight goes on and despite a sharp rise in merchandise sales for the third quarter, Genius is well behind. when you awake, you will feel between scream and song. suspended like swung semiotics.
fevered and forgotten,
seria

#2

lustthrust as lastgasp of genial weather aflame to falling out bobby pins her hair is not flame-retardent. the heirs to a succession of depression dinkdrift along, caught in eddies the ditties in rivers of convolution. what said differs from what did in painful change and falling hipswell and sore and naming. she of no name not Arabella. if a spring comes after, it will be of declaring and declaratives. leaves and snow are white noise unheard. a leaf hits a lake wave the rushcrush an if makes

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sense it's not so for softening. underneath depression: lichens a lake a surface blind to flux nevertheless o Saussure declares of depth: deep fulfillment does no more than clarify our deepest longings. an assignation is thrill assigned to guilt in unlit fires the hermitage burns. a woman by my blue or her black knows or conscious of her aspect a leaf flutters away undecided wind a tree leaf aflame thinks "tongue-of-the-mind" awhirl in flutterflux autumn yields to the flavor of falling gone winter gone barren no buds beyond what beauty gone balded.

#3

myspace is aself athwart its own purgatorio. in dormancy transparency a her augmentations. silkspun in black expensive those unshy pithy about bulges. or labial trims. tree analogous to phases: root of imagiation, trunk of reality suspended betwixt, braches and leaves of a false consequenced real. shelter from the inclemency of season or barbarity of others. in a time of flame, all is pendulous. a season screams and Damoclesian. before a fifteen minutes. what does she think of how I think she thinks I view her? perceiving the leaves smells a whisper of burning. a falls is no nosegay not hinting at betrothal. not even in catching. now is the time to play Doctor. male enhancement a victor more than nature allows. what lies beyond or what crazy buds a throbbing star what darkness we follow what into cocooning discovery. on a possible other side a digital shell buzzes. self atop self a god-making god runs amuck. click upon click a pile. a sour smell crumbs on a sweatshirt.

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Hugh Behm-Steinberg (California, USA): Four Prose Poems

JUNE 3

In the movie everything splits in two, fortresses, autos, apartment buildings, neighbors, deals, and for everything there is someone between who grays. And there is this kid and he hates his father, who's a vampire, because all he wants to be is a vampire too, only with better teeth and flashier tracksuits. And there is another kid, also hating his father, who finds another father, and this first father is not a bad man he gets to hang out with a woman who used to be a doctor and another woman who used to be an owl. Lots of explosions, and the idea that if you can write precisely what you want with magic chalk you can mend what was torn from you.

JUNE 9

When I'm a kid I'll be water, I'll be watched closely. When I'm seen I'll change your mind. When I do chores I'll be diligent. I won't live in an empire. When I'm handsome I'm trying not to be imperial I won't let myself be folded upon myself. I'm not a suit. I won't let myself be a suit. When I'm a grown up I'll be a kid and no one will watch me, when I'm a grown up I'll watch myself. I'll be water only different I'll do chores and I won't be them. Won't be chores, won't be laundry, won't let my clothes be my costume, won't let my clothes be my uniform, won't live in an empire, I'll be handsome like a statute but I won't be legal anymore.

JULY 4

When I was dead the king of the dead challenged me. The most beautiful poem and you'll go to heaven. Because I was dead I had all the time in the world, everything I ever said sat in my mind like a book, I could read my own mind like a book. But when I looked down into hell I saw Paul Celan, Shakespeare, Emily Dickinson, and if they were there then I knew the king of death hated poetry, and I was fucked either

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way, so I kept my mouth shut. The king said what's the most beautiful poem and I said nothing, and he said silence is most beautiful, but I wrote it first, so it's a tie, which means you only get to live, and say hi to John Cage for me.

JULY 27

I'm seldom sparrowlike, the mud bothers me, don't peck so much no more. The warm air lifts but it won't even argue with me. I'm fond of my clothes, the hairs on my arms, my arms, my thumbs. I like to hum more than sing, I only know how to whistle one note, I'm not fooling anybody. This is the part where I'm supposed to turn, and if I was a sparrow I could do so very quickly and without thinking, it would be routine, you'd have to be really focused to remember it happened at all. This would be the part where instinct took over, the worm got what's coming, but it's sunny, and I'm not, I sit on a bench and watch, more patient than I look.

© Hugh Behm-Steinberg 2007

Marco Giovenale (Rome, Italy): from "first platform 2"

§ 0.2

it was at cape breton isle.
he is one of *major b-fiddlers exporters*.

mosaic isle. gravel. say:
surrender, say: board nothing, üre :00:4.

he boasts nothing. he puts cut
hands on the hob. he lights furs.

see a group of nuns praying.
intriguing, intriguing. fake exit.

in back lane pink pool of bones.
no clone dwarf with rifle waiting.

peaches. & the *original tapestry theory*.
quilt mud art always begins

as a crooked violin-flute duo

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in august — which is voodoo winter

§ 0.2

two years minus | another year waste area |
informational master goofy coffee sipping maiden

they they furl nasa gonfalon. current. beware
of ticketmaster.ca | hoops of stones and unmanned rockets
available through the month.

jamaica leader in spain and algebra mafia
led tin corporate sponsorship brochure.
soda fills both sides of the timecoder left

:::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::: centers/ issues/ rêveries/
:::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::: peeps/ peeks/ ices/ depots/
:::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::: hacks/ views/ wee dew corn rifle
shooting beyond the lines. warned. the lightning strikes
all the children bows on the ground.
then x: nothing in the box. the mender came and go. he grew diaphanous.

you saw him. | better. | you know it.

§ 0.2

four circles. cup of glass crumbs.
baked seal-faced nyman silk.

catch the promo. it was just here. didn't you
see any lunch? the four famous black rabbits

laughed at the color statements by georg.
prune pig sewage n { archives suck.

undress handspun gut fiber x/200
— private request. | a. b. | { mimic the manner of connexion.



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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Dan Hoy (NYC, USA): "The Electroplating of all my Friends"

THE ELECTROPLATING OF ALL MY FRIENDS

I told them not to drink from the lake.

I said, "Not all things aqueous are equal,"

but the dissolved metal ions were too small to see
and they knew nothing of reagents

or parameters, voltage or amperage,
temperature, residence times, or purity of bath solutions.

They were thirsty.

Then the clouds rolled in, bristling with electric current—
and with a flash

all my ferrous and non-ferrous friends
solidified from the inside out

into brass & bronze, cadmium & copper,
chromium, gold, iron, lead, nickel, platinum, silver, tin,

& zinc. They fell
like giant cathodic statues, electropositive and lifeless.

Except for the lone friend
subsisting on aluminum, whom I loved

with all my C-22/titanium-7 heart, now isolated

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in metallurgical horror

as organic electrolytes rained down upon her.
Then she too fell over.

A microsecond later
I felt a mechasynaptic surge

as my comlink called for an immediate satellite strike
on the lake's coordinates.

I had an estimated 0.6 minutes to grieve.
It was not my decision.

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Rosanna Lee (NYC, USA): Two Poems

LOBSTER

Sir, you are obscene!

Your plated, besmattled shards
enclose the meat of human
delicacy, ripped apart, smothered
in cups of oily lard and slurp.
Your neck, perhaps or that round
swinging fan of an ass, \$18.95 entree.
Some VDA ridden sailor hoisted
this oversized, obscene insect,
with his antennae flailing pathetically about
and the lodged furry creature caught in its neck
flapped out like the buzz of the insane,
and this sailor see, he was a
very, very hungry! So, alas - crash
against the jetty just like the
Grecian octoputhie and his life gave out
into the last cringes and epilepsies
like those huge black summer ants,
he heaved his last obscene breath,

and the sailor -
He made love to the dead lobster.
He stuck himself messily inside the
encased filaments of short haired flesh
and he feasted and hollered and
shrank in awe of this beauteous prospect,
“Oh, lobster come back to life, I love you!”

APPENDAGES

The first time in my life,
I see them as appendages,
the first time they've been
too big.

As a little girl, lying in bed in the dark,
I would stare at the little budding anthills,
pointy torpedoes, I would imagine them one
day as mountains.

Now, I understand how dangerous it is to
have that life force strapped to you,
hanging from your heart.

In *the Grapes of Wrath*, she gave that old
starving man her breast after her blue baby
had been buried, such life!

A death spy located at the side, growing,
aching, throbbing. Keep it a secret from
mother.

I've looked at the films, they look like
bleach spilled on seaweed under a microscope:
singing, sing, sing
for me, it'll be fine.

© Rosanna Lee 2007

EXPERIMENT IN MINIATURE

As always, I'm devastated by that shade
of blue. The hint of hotel rooms
and anything French. Tend to fall
for the short notes, the staccato.
This seasick vibrato, like the girl
that opened her mouth so wide
you could hear the wind inside.
Her wreckage of trees and wheel spokes.
One dance card, then another.

No one loves a brushfire, or worse,
a dirty blonde. The grotto with a thousand
bones rinsed so clean it was erotic.
You might carry them home in your pockets
like birds with tiny marbles for eyes,
newspaper where their wings should be.
Might cut their tongues out.
might name them for your own.

AT THE HOTEL ANDROMEDA

we walk up the stairs, walk down.
Put too much sugar in the coffee.

Button, unbutton.
It's all very hush, hush.

Like the beginning of a play
where we take out the dishes,

put them away, or the death scene
where the scenery tears at the edges.

He coaxes us with cokes and marbles.
The penny voyeur, his marionette,

the hot pink hibiscus of her mouth.
Shows me a drawing of a house.

Then a house with birds.
A dovecote, a broken key.

I take out the stars then put them away.

CLASSIFICATIONS

Not the bird, but merely the picture of a bird,
and I'm all wound, all wound.

Pensive, pale, pirouetting
in sequins and feathers.
Losing my passport on the train
and inventing my name.

Your seance gives me the shakes,
little eggs quivering carnivorous
in my palm.

I'm a shipwreck in a bottle,
full steam. The part of the painting
where the painting has been taken away.

The balcony. The woman in the boat.
All I know about mathematics:

that it makes a pretty bride, makes a pretty mess.

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Melissa Severin (Chicago, USA): "Myth to Meteor"

MYTH TO METEOR

Gestated in the thigh, born twice, rose once

from the head of Zeus. I bit my way out,

through eight great plates, skull bones a catapult.

Indulge me, my heartstrings forged from harpsichords;

this is a myth I keep

rebuilding with dog's teeth and concrete.

Solicit the backhoe,

dig timing with a slingshot.

Pick a solar system to sift. It's not the same past

as my future; we're making me a swarm of meteors,

a shield of shooting stars that want

electricity from another planet,

that distant arc of orbit, hung from scepters and spinning

all around. A profanation.

How can we come so close and not collide?



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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Kristy Odelius (Chicago, USA): Three Poems

THE VIRGINS OF CHICAGO

The gold lunette just beyond the glass,
the cord, the snag, my lariat mind.
With magazines, we let fly like
magdalenes sweeping the stairs. Cassocks
frame damp faces behind the weather.

Slowly through a permissive sky,
an incident, a scar—stars disarticulate
from mud-spattered sails. The billowing
rings in a cell phone ditty, outfitted,
cheeked, sleeping their clarity. Mediums
slung across beds—daughters, madams,
divas feeling it—the Sapphic elastic.

Precursor to this disarming blue
dawn, red in the bent light of fever-
flower gossip. They wake up walking,
the virgins of Chicago, the rhetoric
in their step says fuck the folio.

THE VIRGINS OF CHICAGO

Where businessmen like to stand
in their underwear, late-night
kites cascade between the heads
of tourists. Each alone and gentle,

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uniquely sad, oh that disappointing
brunch on the esplanade.

Instead, I window the Hyatt.
In my drawing a woman
stands kabuki-neat, holding
a cell phone, poised in red
on a man-hole cover.

The virgins chant:

*“Manhole covers of the world
Pink anemones and a pagoda
Endlessly above the sewer.”*

Attention urban planners!

The virgins sit where
no one else sits.

EQUIVALENTS

*

We knew, and it
always feels good
to know something.

We could die—a silver
laugh, a photograph, or
at the end of your knee.

*

They said there’s
a resemblance, clouds

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in the ice, a force
in our boots.

On the porch love
is implicitly forged.
Today, to mimic its
drift is to see.

*

It was moving the whole time,
as if to hold you from the light.

I held your head
in the snow as if
to tell you a form.

*

Five fingers, how do they
glow? Sick like honey
in the scientific field—
your hand, and what it knows.

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Lina Ramona Vitkauskas (Chicago, USA): Three Poems

A LIST OF WILD FOODS

Wistful shame of being,
I throw myself into the sun
of the gold rush, a glottal stop
in an arthropod's mouth.

What curvature I had in cars,
opposing hearts tangled
& cordial corrections
but you come away
with free, clutching me
in front of the grill
a naked tournament
of truth & thighs.

Is this all we are,
parallel & verdegriis
melting potential of fauna?
For jilted lovers
& lace tubers have never
been our scene, someone's game,
wild in sum & mind.

GROUNDLESS PUPURA

The whole honey veil
of being born, the patent

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asp killed by candid netting,
please give me rust &
summer beets &
winter spinach &
convulsing, calm
diagrams in garland.

One day, the pretty
diametrics will best
her best machine. Her
fallen silk in the algae pool.

He joins her at the screaming
wall. She has become a bridle.
Leather piercing his annex,
sweet unblonde interception.

Oiled lace on wanton
flesh his organism, hers,
a feverish puncture
and his blind kind
inner archeologist, quixotic
sensual waters,
a morning inoculation.

She acorn, she anemone,
aching for the answer
in chords of deviant bells.
After his kiss,
what is the crime
without the weapon of love?

VIOLET SMOKE

Morning's murder,
our fire brains
winged. A green apron
aims for diametric evenings,
luminous the nails of my.
We perishable,

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cradled chaos,
we coal error,
we pleasantries.

Beneath counsel
corners, we draw quiet,
save the stones
of our heads
gelled & loving
(still to come).

What aches most:
your birch rhythm
and what accident
voice my small hands
stopped senseless.
Your cunieforn
above the banks
waves of sense.

Light passes
through the bony
turnstile, welcome
to color and devastation

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Gabriel Gudding (Illinois, USA): One Poem, One Translation

MY BUTTOCKS

"your buttocks"

— Wallace Stevens

I am very interested in my buttocks,
because it is the part of my body I most infrequently see.

You might argue that if I were really interested in my buttocks
I would use mirrors and look at it more often.

But I reject that theory.

I am at once plainly interested in my buttocks,
at the same time that I look at it about once a year.

I am frankly uninterested in the buttocks of other people.
If I had but one buttocks to look at, I would prefer it be mine.
Don't construe that as evidence that I look at my buttocks but more than once a
year. Because I don't.

Indeed I would prefer it if other people didn't have buttocks.
Better two groins than one buttocks — one in front, one in back.
That way we could have our choice of groins to look at.
We could also choose to use one groin over another, either during sex
or using the bathroom. This would cut down on repair bills and maintenance costs
for our groins (urinary infections, prostate things, flaming birth canals,
yeast issues): two groins, no buttocks. Perhaps a sewer-tube that could extend down
to either foot, and at the moment of defecation we remove the shoe and give a good
kick, flinging the ball of excrement away from us. Bathrooms

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would have to have backboards.

All of us hermaphrodites who shit from our feet. We would have banished anal sex to our heels. Which brings me to another concern: the new anus that is now in one of our feet: would that anus be near our toes or near the heel, or on the top of the foot?

My concern is this: If the anus were in the instep, would it not leave little pucker marks in our footprints?

No, I don't like buttocks. Despite rumors to the contrary. Contrary, there's a word. I oppose the word contrary.

© Gabriel Gudding 2002, from **A Defense of Poetry**

TO ROOSEVELT

It is with the voice of the Bible, or the verse of Walt Whitman
that I advance upon you now, Hunter!
You are primitive and modern, sensible and complicated,
with something of Washington and a dash of Nimrod.
You are the United States,
you are the future invader
of all that's innocent in America and its Indian blood,
blood that still says Jesus Christ and speaks in Spanish.

You are a superb and strapping specimen of your people;
you are cultured and capable; you oppose Tolstoy.
You are a horse-whisperer, an assassinator of tigers,
you are Alexander-Nebuchadnezzar.
(You are a Professor of Energy
as the whackjobs among us now say.)

You think that life is a fire,
that progress is eruption
and into whatever bones you shoot,
you hit the future.

No.

The United States is powerful and huge.

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And when it shakes itself a deep temblor
runs down the enormous vertebrae of the Andes.
If it yells, its voice is like the ripping boom of the lion.
It is just as Hugo said to Grant: “The stars are yours.”
(Glinting wanly, it raises itself, the Argentine sun,
and the star of Chile rises too...) You are rich –
you join the cult of Hercules with the cult of Mammon;
and illuminating the way of easy conquest,
“Freedom” has found its torch in New York.

But our America, which has had poets
from the ancient times of Netzahualcoyotl,
which has kept walking in the footprints of the great Bacchus
(who had learned the Panic alphabet at one glance);
which has consulted the stars, which has known Atlantis,
(whose name comes down drumming to us in Plato),
which has lived since the old times on the very light of this world,
on the life of its fire, its perfume, its love,
the America of the great Moctezuma, of the Inca,
our America smelling of Christopher Columbus,
our Catholic America, our Spanish America,
the America in which the noble Cuauhtemoc said:
“I am in no bed of roses”: that same America
which tumbles in the hurricanes and lives for Love,
it lives, you men of Saxon eyes and Barbarian souls.
And it dreams. And it loves, and it vibrates; and she is the daughter of the Sun!
Be very careful. Long live this Spanish America!
The Spanish Lion has loosed a thousand cubs today: they are at large, Roosevelt,
and if you are to snag us, outlunged and awed,
in your claws of iron, you must become God himself,
the alarming Rifleman and the hardened Hunter.

And though you count on everything, you lack the one thing needed:
God.

— Rubén Darío, 1904 translated by Gabriel Gudding,
forthcoming in **Poems for the Millennium**, v. 3.

[The great Nicaraguan poet, Félix Rubén García Sarmiento (1867-1916), who called himself Rubén Darío, was born in Metapa, Nicaragua, in a city that now bears the name Darío. Considered one of the leaders and proponents of the Modernismo

movement, Darío completely changed the landscape of Spanish language poetry. A journalist and diplomat, he is now one of the most widely read of Spanish-language poets. This poem, “A Roosevelt,” was written in response to US President Theodore Roosevelt’s invasion of Panama in 1903 after Roosevelt fomented a coup in Panama City so that he could annex the Panamanian isthmus for the purposes of building the canal. Roosevelt’s coup and the invasion of Panama was excoriated around the world and at home. Richard Olney, in 1903, former US Attorney General and Secretary of State, said of Roosevelt’s act, “For the first time in my life I have had to confess I am ashamed of my country.”

— Rubén Darío, translated by Gabriel Gudding, forthcoming in *Poems for the Millennium*, v. 3.



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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Simone Muench (Chicago, USA): Three Prose Poems

(an apiary): kristy o

Like aqua eyeliner and Baudelaire, we drink in strange trades, skålling over your chest of bees. What would you choose—red meat or Coco Chanel? gentle violence or violent tenderness? When salsa dancing with Keats' alias we bloomed gold thighs, pink sadnesses. At your bedroom window, I lean out of refuge, into moth wings. Our black eyes, transparent sting. You said, hello, blank-eyed, zero in! Our home base, a distant cabana, an archipelago; our family secrets, a fenestra, honeycomb riddled by jimsonweed. Sad fictions born of red letter afflictions and the redivivus of arthritic cypress. The light gonged, confirming my senses were leaving me, and you became a foehn, whispering through veils of glamorous biblical women, loaded up on blossom.

(beetle-beauty): lauren l

Through fossils of grapefruit, your words full of climacteric Kafka sadness. Night moths rest in your carnelian desert. There I found your fire-tossed hair, your jade green horns, and bowed beauty-down. Your father left you a blanket by the mustard-colored wall between a cigar and a scream. The house lost beyond a pepper tree. The curtains, like carapaces, and a mad rushing descent as if to name—strange things narrated—an object that long, shedding its horizon, a Chalcosoma caucasus from the image of your frame.

(a train track): mary b

Train track flutter girl; coriander lips and ale during Prohibition. That empty mouth

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like a bottle on a man's neck. Marabou soft, doe's muzzle on a pomegranate split
open, ultraviolet. You might have to rid yourself of all boys, mostly rascallions. How
they feel under hands: red fish, big branches caught in your rain-rinsed hair, river
tresses. For your thigh, a thread of nine carat bone. While the crossbuck sign danger-
flashed its bells, citronella girls smoked Parliaments with a felon; your neckline, a
kerosene swoon.

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© Simone Muench 2007

Anselm Berrigan (NYC, USA): Eight poems from *Have a Good One*

Have A Good One

The promise of a hard-won exuberance
brought you near. The need to be
around the most people doing
something was a fucking magnet. From
running races to making copies to
delivering packages promotion became
a recognizable cycle, if always
with a clear ceiling or escape hatch.
The latter you design, though awareness
of authority in that regard can be
transient. It's a cheap shot. Honesty
in the making. But do the parts get to
be themselves while part of the whole
thing? And if they're only themselves
like I'm only my habits and kindnesses
measuring contact before moving
forward we're done. You'll call me.
I tend to screen. Technology's
beauty made shapely by the choice.
Bits of it, I mean. Shape is for the birds.

Have A Good One

Choose your own adventure
lacked possibility. Try
coming home to your
wildlife books sold off
by adult creep types
after enduring Boulder's
second grade. You're hopelessly
out of touch with the culture
you use by looking at. You
can be culture, but not
accused of it. Dream giant
cockroach in the wall
dreams but more often
pull endless string
from the mouth.

Have a Good One

Give me your taxable
contours. The caveman
did. The rain in stride
zoned us to passable
educations reflective
after a time. Our guts
for once don't make
a break for it. Their
deadly attacks merely
entertain inside upon
request: nature feigns
oversight. I'll break
the law for an exo-
skeleton panelist of
woe. Give it back.

Have a Good One

Off the record he's a piece of shit. Time

management I don't buy. Just tell me
what's happened. Whatever it's going
to be is what I need to know.

Have A Good One

I don't name animals.
I don't steal their forms.
The water sprayer does not
stalk my automatic rage.
Barbarian camps circa 235
A.D. are hardly worthy of
condemnation five hundred
years later. Goodbye health
plan. Goodbye semi-motivated
halflife of an identity.

Have A Good One

My mission tonight is to
not get so drunk I can't properly
introduce. It's surprisingly easy,
because I'm thinking about experience.

Have A Good One

Burying the duck crumble
with beer, while it pretends
to the elucidation of principles.
The shaver sucks face.
Scotch shirt proudly wrinkled.
Parisian sidewalk stains &
their lack of warmth. Remember
lava flowing freely all
around us, stains with

warmth? I've had a
great life. But I ain't
going out like that.

Have A Good One

It's become harder and harder
not to take responsibility. For
all of it. Every bastion of
disrepair, every qualified public
apology for ill-tongued remarks.
Every pasture of redespair, every
made up resume of a sorry. Its
been harder not to undergo surgery
or plead for indifference from the
feds. Don't you see them seeing you?
Remember when them seeing us was
what we wanted? And yet I was in high
school: The President's Daddy
was the President.

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Jordan Stempleman (Iowa, USA): Four Poems

GIVENS

I accept, combinations of unlikely
to unanswered, I accept the darkness
of triumph as apart, I accept the numinous
risings gone once convinced, and the collapsing
recline of a cold, lost balloon.

I accept, the lowly surgeon who's taken
with the worker's old work, I accept a second matter
that stares long after the first, I accept
the untimely hero bored before ruin, and the son
asked to cut his father's last hair.

I accept, what is and what weakens to reprove,
I accept all the rooms filled with gods
obsessed and alone, I accept the nearest to fire
or the closeness of hope, and the plan to end
saying, I will say it once more.

OLD PARTS

There is now one good ear left.
The last one to go, was too heavy
on the cotton and not the common
sense. There is no longer any dis-
illusionment about what will give
up next. The mugs are now filled
with boiling white tea. The stapler

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is used while squinting towards the
light. Gloves, although lined with
rabbit, weigh down these hands, so
they often rest there, long overdue,
dangling and down by my side

PIQUANTE

And I've fallen off a stool
which means, I wasn't meant to reach
so far out first thing in the morning.
To be sitting there. To have a very important center
that regrows each day with minimal
water, minimal outings. What a difference it is
to be between the unwritten and the unsaid.
There's a cookbook I'm skeptical about
so I've left it in the drawer for months
now, where I know it keeps on serving
the same dish, day after day, without pictures
to account for all it's done, without an organism
to break down starch, and sugar, and taste.

WE WERE BROUGHT INTO A STRAINING SHAPE

there are little runts
and blunted
comments, middle names

for everyone, the slightest
impression embossed
on a handkerchief

squeals for one better
truth to try and imagine
one better truth,

exhibitions in the sense
they pour, nervous
as donors are we all

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Raymond Bianchi (Chicago, USA): Seven Poems

SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS

splendid photographs by Leni Riefenstahl, the most ravishing book of photographs published anywhere. Leni is a nice looking woman and did not let anyone get in her way.

Winners are winners and losers are losers that is reality.

Deep in the mountains of the southern Bolivia about eight thousand aloof godlike Inka emblems of physical perfection with large, well-shaped, polleras, expressive faces, and muscular bodies are wrenched walking in broken rocks blood mixed with dust.

Their hands are bent with imperishable beauty.

Donald Rumsfeld is more metallic and healthier-looking with a side salad. il forte vento bracing with salt and broken bones.

deceit in America
allow people to sit in their
own urine and die of asphyxiation.

Galileo Galilei will do more to increase our strength;

Crusades “Deus Lo Volt “
Le piogge sono frequenti soprattutto
the engines of creation digging

the foundation for your pool and your tennis court oath.

PERVERTED

“Costly Cult of cloves” Dante’s inferno, Canto XXIX

Extras include an interview with Polanski, a Beer Garden the oddest examples of a celebrity interview I have ever seen. In between his off color comments

Polanski swings a baseball bat and swings for the fences

Saddam Hussein was too valued a target to be caught in a mere bolthole and too rare a beast to be holed up with rats. General Ricardo Sanchez announced Saddam's capture to the world reporters learnt the deposed Iraqi dictator had been sprung from a sinister-sounding "spider hole". An online unofficial US Marine Corps dictionary defines spider hole as "an enemy fighting hole" always the sinister is well hidden",

Some say we are alive in form to become more loving and to grow spiritually, to achieve Nirvana in the here and now. I agree. I looked at what the reductionists had produced, it saw that nothing uniquely artistic had survived. Collectively, the leading members of the art world had decided that art has no content, that it has no special media or techniques, and that the artist has no crucial role in the process. Art became a statement of nothingness. The summary conclusion was announced, infamously, by Marcel Duchamp. Asked to submit something for display in 1917, Duchamp sent a urinal. Duchamp of course knew the history of art.

Boots rotted in the trenches

COMMERCIAL

commercial enterprise with formal institutions.

Compare and contrast two dominant domains in contemporary society: commerce and government which are governed by what are called economics and morality.

The artist takes significant experiences and thoughts as raw material and creates a physical embodiment for them. Each artist makes independent judgments about which of his experiences and thoughts are significant. He has awesome power to exalt the senses, the intellects, and the passions of those who experience it. Those individuals who over the centuries accept art's calling developed it into a vehicle that called upon the highest insights of the human creative vision and painted nudes and large breasts on cave ceilings.

The names that evoke in us a sense of greatness - Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Vermeer. Their achievements created the status of the artist as not merely a visionary or a craftsman, but as a special individual in whom both vision and craft are integrated and heightened. The art world's symptoms of decline part of the intellectual world's slipping into a sense that progress, beauty, optimism,

A sense of decline increasing naturalism of the century led, to a feeling of being alone without guidance in an, empty room. The spread of liberalism and free

markets caused their opponents on the political left, members of the artistic avant garde, to see political developments as a series of deep disappointments. And the technological revolutions spurred by the combination of science and capitalism led many to project a future in which mankind would be dehumanized or destroyed by the very machines that were supposed to improve their lives.

VACANT

An intellectual's world is a sense of disquiet a anxiety. Artists respond, exploring in their works the implications of a world in which reason, order, certainty, dignity, and optimism seemed to have disappeared. The works that are the iconic pieces of twentieth century art express the minds of the great names that created them. Modern art is Pablo Picasso's fractured world populated by vacant-eyed, disjointed beings. Edward Hopper's "nighthawks" and women in bland, worn settings. It is the death dance of Jackson Pollock. It is Salvador Dali's soft world in which the distinction between subjective dream states and objective reality is obliterated. It is Andy Warhol's smirking trivialization and mechanical reproductions. It is a reality that is captured presciently in Edvard Munch's The Scream, the horror of being a cipher in a world of hideously swirling near-formless forms. The twentieth-century world was the story of fresh packaging and garbage, tons of garage.

Postmodern world is filled with numbness, Stepford wives, beeping of digital things, smells that are akin to Pine Sol and avoidance of pain.

Horror is not allowed.

SIGNIFICANT

Advances incorporate planning processes- elimination of error
basic to all life. the planned advance small dominant
new knowledge required errors must advance is large
research and invention, the elimination of
justifiable public utilization of more deceit to increase our strength.
Deceit clowns in technology ancient confusion magic and science.
communications laymen Magic depends on progress.

ELLIPTICAL

For Johannes Kepler

The "educated" public and the media have not adequately understood this profound difference between magic and science. This important failure in our educational

system is one source of the lack of general appreciation of the power of deceit as a source of strength. A more general understanding of the power of science would bolster our faith that open societies continue to be fittest to survive.

Deceit is necessary for the processes of trial and the elimination of error,

Johannes Kepler's beautiful description of the mechanism of progress in science. Try to understand what happens to each of these secret processes a project we can shed some light on how the peacetime military was able to justly acquire its reputation for resistance to novelty.

Kepler's language means receptivity to the unexpected conjecture.

There is the tradition of the young outsider challenging conventional wisdom. Such a victory is almost impossible in a hierarchical structure like the Catholic Church or the American corporation how else do you explain the growth of the internet or Protestantism.

The usual way a new idea can be heard is for it to be sold first outside the hierarchy but usually prophets are burned alive as much today as in the 12th century.

Impediments to the elimination of errors will determine the pace of progress in science as they do in many other matters. Many are comfortable with the Gestapo or the Cheka as long as they are not going to the gulag,

ignorance is comfortable.

JUNGLE

"se quella con ch'io parlo non si secca"

Dante Inferno, Canto XXXII verse 135

Fitness to survive and to reproduce is the law of the international jungle. The strength of the weapon of deceit has been tested and proven in battle and in imitation.

Technology developed most vigorously in the industrial revolution, and those places, Western Europe and America, where the greatest deceit existed. Lies, Lies, Lies.

Peter the Great brought lies to Russia.

Clowns and surprise are clearly essential weapons of business and that even countries like the U.S have made frequent efforts to use deceit as a weapon.

This poem is concerned with the impact of deceit culture, rewards are dependent on superiors. Reward through love has been remarkably successful in stimulating independent thinking.

However, in assessing deceit a clown policy those who "get ahead" in the culture of clowns understand its uses for personal advancement. Knowledge is power, and for many insiders access to classified information is the chief source of their power. It is not surprising that clowns see the publication of technological information as endangering national security.

© Raymond Bianchi 2007

Ann Bogle (Minnesota, USA): Two Poems

GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME

I was hoping for a language-free moment,
a moment to discourage the word.

I was, as you know, a prisoner
to my tongue, could bite it.

In my upper room, a sermon
was playing about sundry. I hid

on the stairs, listening, talking back
to it, but it couldn't hear me

because it was talking. I let it.
What choice did I have?

It was a good one, what to do with old guns:
bury them in the cellar, one by one.

I grew attached to my upper air, slept
with a pillow near the ground, it was no

basement, anymore; they'd blasted the bottom
half of her, left me to untie my shoes

from a distance of seventy feet -
that was because I have a cut. Sorry,

I said, meaning it, but it was nothing
to make up for. Next time try taking it.

8/22/91 (rev. Feb. 2006)

POEM FOR SPRING

As soon as it is over
the beginning can begin
on the road out of Texas
hitched to me and other things
I want to keep forever
including a look at him
but my wallet is empty.

We are not as we have been.
Therapy leaves me friendless.
I post a note to strangers
who sell me a new kidney.
My blood sticks like dead women
to my sheets and hands. Burdens
to ease his smaller burden.

I close nice bank accounts.
I thank him for leaving me
flatter, tits the size of ribs.
His threats are good for nothing.
I ask him to finish me,
to put me out. He started it.
He offers to box
then stifles my talk.

© Ann Bogle 2007

Tom Orange (D.C., USA): from *A Day in Switzerland*

from *A Day in Switzerland*

8:48 am

To defend oneself
from the images
one cannot love—
memory's false
undertow

*

7:45 am

Faced with existence
I take off my pants
and proceed with
a somnambulist's clarity

*

4:32 am

I want to believe
the same eyes as mine

*

8:56 pm

People willing the familiar thirst
for infinite novelties of personality

*

7:30 am

Like the magician's
eye it opens
your sex in my hand

*

3:39 am

You have found
no stupidity
that others have
not already discovered

*

2:51 pm

I'm afraid
I smoke the
indulgent
passions of
the brain
perhaps
without
first searching
for the fires
of inexperience

*

6:39 am

To what extent
do we begin to
present knowledge

without understanding?

*

9:09 am

The Buddha goes
to smoke hashish
in the church
of amorous ideas

*

9:24 am

Gently the eternal
subconscious excites
my desire to lose
the changing line
of memory's furrows

*

10:10 pm

Why I do not
believe in the
particularly
good taste
of people
too long

*

12:31 am

The more

beautiful
you are

to look
would break
my heart

*

1:24 am

Now take
a walk
with me
and see
what is
happening

*

2:16 am

A well-organized heart
knows how to
fall asleep on
good footing

*

5:09 pm

The dangerous seduction
of philosophy is a
vampire empiricism
which proceeds to
consolidate wisdom
on the horizon
of its desire

*

1:26 am

I proceed to paint
an explanation of
existence as if
the character of
curiosity existed
beyond our reason

*

12:53 am

I seek the astonishment
of all the illusions that
bind reason to its
depository of dreaming

*

2:34 am

Man tries
to escape
labyrinths
of doubt
through
the light
of stars
that are
dead phantoms
of certainty

*

6:10 am

I
admire
your
eyes

Will
you
help
me

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**Steve Halle (Chicago, USA): "variations on two phrases from *Othello*",
"Elegy/Eulogia"**

VARIATIONS ON TWO PHRASES FROM *OTHELLO*

If I had a cap to tip,
a cup, or a ewe to tup,
to sit on my lap,
I'd toss her a tip
as she strips to trap
my lust, while my eyes
feast, and I'm tempted
again by the two-backed beast.

ELEGY / EULOGIA

For Lee Halle, 1928-2006

it's a slow
steady, steady...
live, they
say. a slow
steady, steady
wind breathes
life into clay.

it's too whip-
fast, Pallas, to Spring
whole from a head,
and after, this marathon
of whip-fast footfalls
run year-round your
ragged dead.

© Steve Halle 2007

check out this poet's blog-journal at <http://www.sevencornerspoetry.blogspot.com>
and his blog-blog at <http://www.stevhalle.blogspot.com>

Lars Palm (Sweden): Four Poems from *notes for an airport*

1 - (beginnings)

two un
attended black
bags in the
corner by the
entrance

who brought the
flies & why
don't
they board
the 3
o'clock?

trying to re

member who
made the
film i stole the
title of

2 - (language)

"please do
not leave
baggage
unattended"

what is new?
what does not change?
what just dried
oh shite i forgot

guns aren't
allowed in the
hand
(or)
baggage

"other than in
specifically
designated areas"
o the beauty of
airport language

"please do
not sleep
baggage un
attended"

good morning
"for farther
information"

just jot
down what

ever thought
or
phrase you
can catch

3 - (silly man)

does tom
wait? yes tom
waits

always when
writing these small
ones i think
of old corman
& maybe phil
whalen hides
some
where in these
shadows as well

that graph of the
mind moving
is dancing

toothpaste is (as
we all know) a
very dangerous
explosive

look an
ambulance
maybe some
one happened

going from
lorca & pérez
estrada to
ekelöf &

lindegren
across tarkos

lift elevator
carefully put
down shop

4 - (ending)

"in this air
port" in this
body in this
brand new
bag or
cadillac

& wiener
schnitzel
& a hairy
schnauzer to
you too

© Lars Palm 2007

Check out this poet's blog-journal @ <http://www.skicka.blogspot.com>
and blog-blog @ <http://www.mischievoice.blogspot.com>

Aaron Belz (Missouri, USA): "Andy's Mom's Velveeta..."

ANDY'S MOM'S VELVEETA LOG-SHAPED TUPPERWARE CONTAINER

i.

One day
Andy's mom's Velveeta log-shaped Tupperware container
spoke to Andy's mom in hushed silence.
"Andy's mom. What is up with you?"

You are hot."

Andy's mom checked to make sure the telephone
was firmly in its cradle. It was not,
but the only sound it was making was
a small, vague screaming sound.
Andy's mom found the screaming sound
oddly comforting in light of what
had just recently transpired with
the Velveeta log-shaped Tupperware container.

Andy's mom called the police
in to investigate.

ii.

One day
Andy's mom made the mistake
of calling the police in to stop
a Velveeta log-shaped Tupperware container
from talking to her.

The Velveeta log-shaped Tupperware container
had been flirting with her,
which is perhaps what bothered her most.

"Andy's mom, now that we have cuffed
the Velveeta log-shaped Tupperware container
to the toaster oven,
we are heading back to the station.
There is nothing further
for us to do here. Move along, Andy's mom.
There is nothing for you to see here."

And the policemen strung a yellow tape
around Andy's mom's house to make her feel better
about the whole situation. The words on the tape said,
"Caution! Velveeta log-shaped Tupperware container!"
And after the word "container!" one of the policemen had written
in sharpie marker the word "flirtatious" in parentheses

followed by "Andy's mom is crazy," also in parentheses.
Then "too much Velveeta on the brain," also in parenthesis,
but this time followed by exclamation points interspersed
with question marks. He found this very funny
and sniggered to himself melodically
as he pointed it out to his partner policeman,
who also sniggered, though a bit less melodically.

iii.

One day
after sniggering policemen
abandoned Andy's mom at her house
with a cuffed intruder,
Andy's mom's Velveeta log-shaped Tupperware container
spoke to Andy's mom in hushed silence.

"Andy's mom. You see now that I am cuffed
now that you have called the polices on me
I am cuffed to a toaster oven in fact
and wish to be release this instant
Andy's mom release me this instant
or I shall summon other Tupperwares
yes and some not as gentle spirited
as I to speak to you in hushed silence
regarding their innermost thoughts
about you and also about numerous other subjects
related to your house and your pretty friends
your pretty pretty friends who visit your house
they shall all speak so release me this instant
for I am in bondage to a toaster oven."

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Ruth Lepson (Massachusettes, USA): Four Untitled Poems

I.

Shelley was selfish— his m's give him away.

A few pages under glass— I had lost the faith that anyone should bother with them.

The women huddled together— Austen, Bronte, Browning.

The men not politic, perhaps, but political.

Yet many sentences are simple.

Merry Chaucer from family of wine merchants.

A note, the N-Town cycle, shows the performers of the medieval mystery plays a travelling company. "It was intended to be performed on a Sunday at N-Town."

The Anglo-Saxon Beowulf "is known only from this copy, written out about A.D. 1000...severely damaged, in 1731, in a fire."

Danish king Scyld Scefing's body placed in a ship, "A gold banner flies over his head," "set adrift to be swallowed up by the sea."

Spenser's f like a tadpole, a medieval cross, two lines after it.

"As elemental fear" writes Sir Walter Raleigh in his Tower, in his History of the World. Fills the left column of the left page and writes one stanza, bottom right. Of Diana, Aurora, "Beauty that rumor made."

Donne, "son of a prosperous London businessman," "secret marriage to Ann More"; his father-in-law had him arrested. His g and his y begin the same way.

Editor:

- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Brian Kim Stefans (Los Angeles, USA): "White Sestina"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Mar..."
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "The Stranger"
- P.F.S. Post Anthology (USA, UK, Australia, Canada)...
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 32"
- Interviews with the Editor (New Orleans, USA, Lond...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "A Shoe Box The..."
- Jeremy Eric Tenenbaum (Philadelphia, USA): "dear gr"
- Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): "yao"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...

Contributors

- Adam Fieled



Archives

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Philosopher Bacon "Found guilty of bribery and corruption." In his hand a moment of thickness, a moment of thinness.

Bricklayer, soldier, actor Ben Jonson— his page dense rectangle tiny words heading towards the binding.

(Herrick's manuscript "temporarily removed.")

Milton's "extracts from some 90 writers," added comments of his own.

In Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia, Urne-buriall," (1658), "a meditation on death," the movement of each stroke is from the bottom left to the top right, parts of the paragraph crossed out.

A parliamentarian "surviving the restoration to serve Charles II in several embassies" wrote newsy letters—page long, writing medium-sized full of affectation "deprived of the Poet Laureatship in 1688 for his loyalty to the Stuarts."

Dryden's heroic Stanzas to the memory of Oliver Cromwell— his f like an 8th note, his l like a snake moving toward a piper. His letters underline other letters.

"The largely self-educated son of a Roman Catholic linen-draper," Pope translated the Iliad at the rate of 30 to 50 verses a day; here are some copied on the backs of letters addressed to his mother and to himself at Twickenham.

Here the "final verses of Achilles' lament for Petroclus in Book 19, facing a rough sketch of the shield forged by Hephaestus for the Greek hero." The surprise of his childlike drawing of the shield "hidden as the word of love." Words are crossed out and others written above them, articles are taken out, the syntax changed. "sigh tear for what he left behind"

Defoe's long lines in large book straight as in musical staves, the letters rounded.

Swift's letter— hand tiny and light, long page, no margins.

II.

rice paper clouds barely covered a charcoal and off white moon some gravestone rubbing you were dead i was alive it was always that way brown that's the way it happened ever that way lying on the rug in the heat of the night playing that's left you were dead and i was dead was there ever another ever underside the handle of

2007 August 2007 November 2007
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July 2016 November 2016 January 2017
February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May
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it under ever to take that charge every day every sans seraph no more type more
hype might that be a chance to take blake runes of graves dead letters post haste
hastes are you sleeping in are you in the sparrow that leapt in front of my path in
the stone other dimensions now we will never see you there where did you go my
mine left take me away take myself a living particle of right&left and shift and score
and drift say enough and it won't matter what have you this is old i remember this
scene from twenty years ago i'm too old for it now it's melancholy to think about
this and some birds make two notes, simultaneously

III.

there he is on the
cover the shadow of a
fern on the left side of his jacket
you can't see his eyes, hooded by
plain thick glasses
nothing extra in his mien
a serious man from the east coast
trees in shadow behind him
it seems his shirt is white and he wears
no neck tie, his top button unbuttoned
physician
who thinks all things frivolous unnecessary
loves the
gesture of kindness, bravery, love and
is sure in his loneliness all is
imagination what is he looking at

we can't tell
his hair is cut short
his ears are prominent
he was listening for something american
finally heard something about patterns
why do we revere him
his words are sometimes embarrassing sometimes
boring he never goes over into the dramatic
yet personifies his very city
wilder poets paid homage
he had facts at his command
that is why we revere him
he memorized flower, latin, symptoms, lived
day by day seemingly unafraid of the death that comes

unstintingly and so he cd turn to weed or
broken glass at the roadside
bowel or child or old man equally

IV.

it never goes away completely
like the usa in the 50s
in a poor small town in the middle of nowhere
in those weeds by the side of a house, its paint peeling
and nobody home I am sitting here and do not move
across the street 2 american flags
cheer like leaders in the wind
that brought memory and war again
jazz helps fast language helps
war wounds yelp men dead again
we went to strange places on vacation
it hurt to live with them
there was no way to communicate
blurting it out didn't help anything
they just say you're strange in the vest
in the sink poison in the purse
so rest, rest till all that talk of
's squeezed out of you

© Ruth Lepson 2007

Larry Sawyer (Chicago, USA): Four Poems

LIFTING THE LID

Ferrari thought, baroque thought,

beneath the surface,
models in leisure suits flatten cities.

We'll sift among them, our gills billowing.
Hello, happy vampires.

Hmm...look up: notice the light

in which a great ship is riding—
will it brave the deep and take us,
over dormant lacquered waves?
Of what do I speak?

The receptor cells quake,
taking in the last hours:
businessmen roasting on spits.

Worry is my tequila.

WOMAN

your eye is a recoilless rifle
my hand so believes
fourteen winds rise up
as the

roomful ghosts
plastic hunters in the ear

there are highway gamblers
in your impenetrable dress

your miniature bites
the size of Texas

your satin calligraphy
and indigo jive

the years are obsidian
our romance is meadow

your eye is a leash of fire.

LUNATIC NOTHING

Lunatic nothing laughs at me
from the tip of my tongue
a kaleidoscope geography
is all that I have, the corduroy beach

and silent water

That mind and I survive together
and I lust harmlessly the
cross of schedules
with a heart full of groceries
I wander appetite roads
wearing an enormous blue
mustache like a dessert

Perhaps you have seen her
indeterminant No
from where she reigns
atop the mosque of sleep

I'll continue to prism
the vast outer centuries
until the gavel comes down
upon my conscience

Meet me as promised
beneath the full moon

close up and wonderful.

IT'S PURE GENIUS

We are so thoroughly sidewalk.
There are lights in my soul.
Through a trapeze I wear my tomorrow suit.
Saturday is such an exotic animal
as we devour our headaches, open our papers,
kneel between carnivores peeling silences.

My heart is a peninsula
where we eat the dessert called "memory."

© Larry Sawyer 2007

Mark Lamoureux (NYC, USA): Four Poems

REFLEXIVE

I wilt the love of name & bone

I range the shore of the day

I see the speaking machines

I hear the prophet bleed a copper pool

I waste the gold of shores

I length the gavel of the brook

I little songs & I without want of face

I the gloaming make of 4 a cube

I broken anaphora, the token splice

I smell hoodlum, no father

I this the electric taint of reflex

I bait the circle-hustler

I amuse the end time, the bronze ass

I 4 the bastion of naughts

I cross the angle, reflect

I seize no happening, fulfill this

I the scored days into another

I wait, I won 1 I fake nasty

I into wet evening the

I I spit out, dawn folds

I blanket in the seaspray

I no more forever in regret

LEGACY

A grove fills with the deflated
skins of fruits that thud
from the flailing limbs of a trunk
that bores through the skull-plate
of my imploding sphere. The pilgrim
wades through bathwater as tough
orbs give only thin milk. Brittle
hammer you were born with. Is
not enough. All of this. Shoulder-
blades stretched to sails, the leaden
fists, tiny whorls carved in each
cell of the root are not enough.
This breeds a carpet of tin hairs.
Clouds of beetles persist in splotches
thereupon like weather. Braids
of ooze that suck carbon from the firmament
are no good to you: void-born
& suffering, hard-won parade garb
lifted from your cracking clay
like a fly on a line. The disembodied
shirt prances. There is no party
inside. Are not enough. The missives
& the lens. Not enough. The umpteen
charged scrolls. Never enough,
the gilded membranes & skeletal
adaptations. A birthright, what is
eaten by the sea, a betrothed what
burrows in the shore. A chapter,
closed, what smiles from the shade
of kind light. Remember me
to the bell that rings in the buoy--little
brother, we of like duration.

LAOCÖON GROUP

A crest of molten dust
falls forward into erasure:

I tell myself I will
not go
even as I arrive
there, in a trough
corvettes of the new speech
befuddle the dock, solemn
ekphrasis a sunless gnomon:

11 or 12, a fortnight
of relentless
logic, each candle
gutters
in turn or the
difficulty

MOST LIKELY TO

I am not your avenger,
I was never.
Look, there are no lines
on my palms, nor have I pin
to etch them.

I am slamming a door
with 1 hand & with the other,
I am slamming another.

Something sets, a chestnut
husk, between my 2
eyes; tern's wings scissor
turbulence not even
they can see.

© Mark Lamoureux 2007

Susan Wallack (Glenside, Pennsylvania, USA): "Evolution"

EVOLUTION

Once before, when I was a woman,
(a diagram distorting the actual
dream),

I hiked a leg,
barking like a seal, &
urinated a long-
lemon stream.

Running south,
syrup over ice
cream, pleasure
over suffering:
the first idea.

© Susan Wallack 2007

Jeff Crouch (Grand Prairie, Texas, USA): "Piso Mojado"

PISO MOJADO

Laughter teeters on nothing.
The verge soft, then strongly lined.
The tower ragged, the drawers full of baggage,
The baggage full of rags,
The rags nasty with urine and sweat and grime.
The blonde—
Her weight all on one hip.
Swollen, with a trowel, re-working the tile.
Clean, what is? Clean. Disinfectants.
The overflowing toilet stuffed with notes about a movie you watched.

The blonde teeters on her own skin.
This skin, you think about treason.
Freckles.
You try to find a pencil.
Paper towel.
One streak of lipstick.
Nylon, black. Water, dark, damp.
Little to no make-up. Except lipstick. The floor.
Beneath.
New grout, but slippery—you wonder.
Laughter teeters on nothing.
You watch her smile. She turns.
With her hand on her hip.
Shifts.
The verge soft, then strongly lined.
A mop. Wet. Damp.
Hair. Damp.
Strong odor. Must. You make a note.

© Jeff Crouch 2007

Steve Halle (Chicago, USA): "Blackbird, #s 4 & 5"

BLACKBIRD #4

styrofoam packaging
w/ meat bloodstain discarded

a five of diamonds,
corners nicked off

the bud light can crushed, throw away

fuck sounds, a metal door
squeaks shut, silence, more moans

a half bag of mild winter's salt waits unused

keyed up accord, she smokes

to trim her newly unpregnant body

she shows it

flower garden scuttled
a hip repair, metal-metal
an argument

snow falls one day,
melts next, murky
shoe run-off on white linoleum

market meet

in winter, potholes grow

a coffee can full of butts
sits off stoop right

crackpop wood burning,
whoosh of gas,
a scalding whirlpool
ups the buzz
and sleep, curtain.

BLACKBIRD #5

half-splashed in war paint
machete on canvas,

vomit is our Diaspora,
“yes, but”

idyllic in Germantown,
a depressed ex-model
tea for two by four
rots, or nails rust
from lack of proper
installation manual.

sip and taste misgiven weather.
rocks continue in bucket
love among the crushed coral

puzzle make hair, half-sip
or swallow before six.

a grubby denim hairline
inching spineward,
the paint taken off,

and soon.

emulsion in pomegranate juice,

non-proper, a defense of investment,
a denial of technique,
still-life withered grape above climate,
vin de glaciere tethered to tongue

hand swung and hamfisted

vision blurred by blood,

a nest, it ties it. a test
of flight in feathers of fancy.

© 2006 Steve Halle



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Introduction

This, poetry, is a tough gig, isn't it? We don't do it for the money— there is no money. We don't do it to become celebrities, because the machinery is not there to turn us into celebrities. I would like to think that our reasons for pursuing this ancient, contemporary, always relevant art form are spiritual. Poetry, more than a way of expressing spirit, is a way of taking the ordinary, quotidian human spirit (and even poets have to put their socks on every morning) and transforming it into a scintillating, spine-tingling Other. Our humanity becomes more-than-humanity, our narrow vision widens (to include seldom seen phantoms, wraiths, and sundry succubi), our limbs and genitals receive a very special kind of stimulation, and our human whole becomes greater than the sum of its parts.

Thus the implications of a decision to pursue poetry are multi-leveled and abstruse, but simultaneously as clear as a cloudless dawn. We reject a mercenary society (though we may still need to pay rent), we reject the reduction of the human spirit to materiality, consumerism, greed, and crass pragmatism. We reject the mechanics of our media system, prowling as it is for fresh, perfect-looking, badly-spoken blood. What do we affirm? A life of spiritual possibility; a life in which fresh vistas perpetually open up; a life that offers a way of seeing unavailable on any other path; a life consecrated to the goal of moving a worthwhile art form forward. The poets here included are all, in their own way, moving the art form forward. I hope you will enjoy reading them as much as I have enjoyed collecting their dazzlingly sharp, flesh-born poems.

Christopher Goodrich

Upon Hearing that She and the Man with whom She Cheated are getting Married

after Mary Oliver

Somewhere behind me
the staccato of young men,
their laughter, a fitting truth,
something I wish I had
moments ago when the news
covered my body like sudden
rain.. Beside me, an umbrella
I've carried since morning.
I hope to God I don't forget it
when it's time again to leave.
I've ruined more evenings that way,
my shoes soaked, my body shaking.
I don't know what kind of animal
love is. I do know how to pray
on bent knees for someone
else's failure. From the ledge
of a lonely and startled dream,
I put my hands together and begin
the way anyone would: Dear God

To My Cheating Ex-Girlfriend, On Her Wedding Day

In my dreams I play flower girl
at your wedding. A meticulous
and rehearsed walk down
the lantern-lit aisle, a white wicker
basket anchoring my enthusiasm,
releasing the pink petals carelessly
into the wind. Pink being, in my mind,
the color of grace, the basket a symbol of sanity,
my dress, black as a bitch slap, the only sign
that something is terribly wrong.

That and the fact that I kidnapped,
in the name of forgiveness, the real flower girl,
tied her to the back seat of my car
(I've cracked the windows). She'll return
home after the reception, unharmed,
I promise, after we have danced and danced,
and after, god willing, I lift a glass to you Jennifer,
to you Chris, that you both may see how much I have grown.

Drinking Together, Li Po and I admire Wang's Garden

We go back and forth like this:
raising our gin soaked chins
to a translucent daytime moon,
toasting the indecent goldenrod,
the sweet sting of morning,
then, falling deep into an unbelievable 10am,
memorizing the hibiscus.

Last night, a dozen friends joked
as you stripped clean and rode the rope
swinging into the river. Afterwards, the wine wet,
the grass low and dying, we vowed to cherish
the balding crocus in sickness and health.

This morning we watch the birds
return one by one to Wang's roof,
our backs against the same oak,
our tumblers now empty.
I am drifting in and out of consciousness
but you are still awake, writing something down,
transfixed by willow-blossom, the call of the moon,
willow-blossom, moon, blossom, moon.

First to Wake

If you are first to wake,
do me a favor, turn off the alarm,
let the dog out to pee.

I would, but I'm far away now,
standing on a bridge that hovers
above a living riverbed,

speaking Latin to someone
who speaks it back. I am turning the pages
of guilty pleasure, strolling the gardens

of invincible men, kissing as many girls
as I can before interrupted by traffic.
If you are still looking for something to do

after watering the lawn,
there are breakfast sausages in the fridge,
they need cooking or they'll turn on us.

You could prepare them with eggs or oatmeal,
thinking all the while of the conversation we'll have
as I make my way from the bedroom,

our comforter wrapped around my shoulders,
my stomach rumbling from the emptiness
of waking up alone. And if you haven't already

left me for someone who wakes with you,
if you haven't run off with one of the street men
who keep their eyes on you,

you might take a moment to turn the radio on,
something classical, or in any case,
something to soothe me back to sleep

in the event I am startled awake
by the clanging of pots, the slamming of doors.

As Brothers

In addition to death,
we practiced, as brothers, leaving
until one evening, the rain
fingerprinting our windows,
we hit the cool of a loneliness
I could not ignore.

Have you ever traced a silent war
across the length of your life?
Have you known an enemy
so frank with shattered music
you began to love him on the sidewalk
in front of your house, searching the sky
as brothers, until it's impossible,
your eyes granite, your voice
a forged and faded signature, until one of you,
not knowing what else,
presses the gas and drives away?

I must have waited for hours
on the curb, I even thought
to shout your name, I needed to
explain something fleeting,
dotted with both of our failures.
But I never did. I returned home
to make roast beef, creamed corn
with my beloved and for that too I apologize

you and I could have made dinner
together, talked about tomorrow
the way friends do, made the ice tea, sweet and cool,
we both love, and you could have handed me a napkin,
and I could have passed you the butter.

The Day Britney Died

i was standing in the bathroom shaving my head when the news came through about how britney had died & i just choked up you know i had an emotional malfunction kept scratching my face like some academic stunned by the shrill levity that followed & all the drive-time scrambling for moronic puns as far as i could tell no one really cared about britney at all it was as if she hadn't actually died but only gone crazy maybe shaved her head for cancer research i looked at the tufts of my hair on the tiles & started crying i didn't know why but somehow they reminded me of french collaborators during the war the women paraded in village squares & their shaved heads the self-righteous stares & the grim satisfaction as if you could eradicate someone's shame with a pair of clippers & therefore exonerate society or just yourself i swept up my dwindling clumps & thought it's no use selling this on ebay is it? when it just grows back (unlike a severed head i switched the radio off & britney was still dead

More Sun Than Clouds Sprinkles Early

said let's buy tulips because you were homesick
twenty four hour florists late night emergencies
the tulips sat inside a cool store freezer still wet
& trembling fragile as a whispered wish (we said
let's buy some tulips today there's more sun than
cloud their powers are quite expensive but what
does money matter (when there's more sun than
clouds scanning the supermarket aisles for some
sprinkles early in the morning (we said let's buy
some sprinkles when you were thinking of home
i was thinking of the sun we took photographs of
tulips they were orange as bushfire suns (& wet
as clouds & our faces looking up to see sprinkles
saw twinkles in the blank sky (homesick & here

**poem for cheryl referencing
diane arbus & werner Herzog**

*They call it the thing of things; essence
of essences: great northern snowy owl, whiteness.*

—John Thompson, Stiltjack

when almost-rain begins to freeze,
a spring of sheep, & all the wrong-stuff

translation coats; of cards & letters

I've looked at marriage from at least
three distant blocks

I know you here & edge &
light speaks sometimes through

a stark then even, when I let
to great extent

a barricade of teeth

not the art of scholars but illiterate; a smile,
even as her double scorn

a third & third resounding to their function,
a car hears creeks

the written material of crows
& crows-feet

where do the creeks; at times I fall
& bridges alter

in useless brothers go

in my unlawful comprehension, did any
unusual find

green coats & a shepherds watch,
if even statements could abate

if I don't let you

poem for sina w/ the ghosts of maya deren

a category not-remarked, a literal
constant pushing force

or quest of ponder

painted veils against the world
of an end

an end unto itself, what sensors
to outline fact

to strive or cling, to knot
a solid glance

subversive taint of pictures; ripping dolls
of headless gait

a step, then

shadow on a shapeless structure
, streetcar makes

streak into the right direction

is your sound a quantity, quantify?
your soundlessness?

has nothing to do with,
still

poem referencing anne carson while listening to julie doiron

After all why study the past? Because you may wish
to repeat it.

— Anne Carson, Men In the Off Hours

a hairs breath; shorn no more

loaded after hour, hour

it doesn't matter what she says, I swear
all greek

the trained of lessons rapture

is it different to know the rock in only
two hundred shorter words

the portable doctor seuss

a stain of story plainly told

would not give up book or break

saint in the details; bearing late
to summers end, a sum

of speech & tongue

abrasive glass is silver, light
projected from a screen

that knew your mother
that knew her then, & then

she cant forget

replays it in her head; this
the world was not & never

cain, so coloured; -less

poem for anne after rob w/ brian eno

This dynamite stinks of poem.

— Sina Queyras

a sonnet of gold, imitators
of solid pop

betraying numbers, one on one
or fourteen all

salt stinging into wound on wound,
go out now stalwart stuff

on the shore they talk of mouse
& still computer-mean

a year of silence, airports, one note
& then a dormouse sung

the mechanics of lightning, romantic touch
creates a task

creates an ark

we have groundwork on the cliff, you can
laugh brown or cry

what am I hope to function

poem on how cities are built

of seasons; of snow & the wind & soil
of lines that looked line-straight at first,
 until later in the air
of blinding dark that seems afraid of
of brick & mortar, touching at the cross
 & crux, a merging since

of morning for a while & then
of travel & then none, & letting
what develop meant around

of endless mooring & arrival; of

a caution carrion of bridges, swept

of hard-won spacings, wooden velocities
of sidewalks into concrete, stone

Epistrophic

dear magellan,

the epistrophic changes. epistrophy is epistrophe. would you rather you were the bull, the matador, the red sheet or the killing spear? would you rather be turning toward divine ground? or on divine ground turning? have you discovered the act of discovery? are you that kind of discovery or circumnavigation? earth--the shell of the turtle? has the act of discovery helped you to be discovered? has the art of discovering others who have made discoveries been the discovery? is discovery of others in the act of discovering others who discovered others before them, cowering in their own bewilderment, been the discovery you have been seeking? the same melodic material same material, melodic, is repeated is incantatory is repeated is repeated at different pitches at opposing pitches at similar pitches in the pitch of the moment in the pitch of a line of phrase is repeated in the cigarette smell on the black finger on the key the smell of the key is incantatory is repeated in the moment when the pianist who is no pianist who is no piano who has the key but is not the key smells the ivory, chanting, thrumming the key(s) feels the charge of the bull elephant in musth? the increasing tension tense taut taught like piano wire? thrumming tension in the electrical wires over the strata of fields of mind-artist deep in creation madness? do you? feel? that way?

let me know your answer,

s

yao

dear Jackson Pollock's memory,

oh well i tend to agree with the crying/passion/exhaustion argument but you've put me in a tough spot yet again. living with the enemy of our undefined yet common belief sys. don't worry abt being defensive and btw it's molehills but n e ways. what r u signing my year book or something? and this faculty meeting day makes me want to quit my job idealistically like student in Updike short story "A&P" and are we going to just become vagrants? & is that all of "what's left" to do? and and and listen to Brahms 4th like I kno what tha fuck he means? and listen to jazz like I kno wtf? and read like I no wtf? and write things so obscure even me the transparent eyeballed creator doesn't know wtf they it all means? I guess the point was I'm tired right now tired like not go to sleep tired but tired in other ways and ways I can't defend or argue abt but it might just be time to lay low & there are no readily avail. times on any foreseen horizons for such lazy nonsensical endeavors. On the floor I am more at ease, I feel nearer. I'm better at buying books than reading them but they don't and I don't understand why not they don't pay you for that more likely the opp. and i know what's-his-name sd steal this book and all that but i don't feel like being cooped up ether. I mn either. an epic struggle between man and material might unfold. lots of luck, honey.

love, not chaos,
s

Subject: And in losing my cell phone I lost myself

Dear James,

Attachment is a / the problem. I'm holding on to everything. The Bubble means there are circles means dear James returns or replaces. Expands, at least. I'm pacifying myself. I want to see what happens. Not in the least. Only one question remains--even holding on to nothing is something? How to break off? Existentialism is existence is something. Keep piling on the worries. Somebody's done for is camphor. Bees know building, and if the honeycomb crumbles, they know building. The honey is still sweet. Therefore birth must be rebirth. Original sin is fallacious. There is no creation--only something and nothing. Is and not. Something rings--my cell phone and my neuroses. To answer? Breathing like waving is waves. The mind is the raft. Spray spills over the burstable sides. On the starving raft, we eat each other for meaning. The problem is the stomach, the wanting. Insatiability makes detachment the ultimate koan. The rational mind seeks the subconscious seeks the rational mind. Each one provokes the other--an old married couple. A warrior dreams in colors: killing and conquests. He can't escape the conditioning, the training. He was born a lamb but grew and sharpened his fangs. The only notes he hits form the minor keys. In this battle someone is winning, someone losing. Tomorrow everything changes. So it goes, dear James. The trees dance at the thought.

If you know what I mean, you are attached to this message.

Best,
No Such Agency (NSA)

But Still We Have to Pay Taxes

In the Old Norse
tale about the candle wax
and fragrant eyes
you may have
noticed that lemurs
stacked whales in
the cold shout of
Swedenic winters
and frozen sighs
limned the dingle starry
as if you were
paper and upon your
face a poem writ
such that goblets
filled with celestial
spit descended
angelically from
gypsy skies.

Of Foreign Coins

Twice in the final hour a French
horn will crow. Examine the bark
of trees. At a ceremony to celebrate
oblivion, a peal of thunder
was birthed into meaning.

Two eagles descended, lapping
the horse that won the race of existence.

A loud voice: On the final day
of snow, flutes and whistles slowly
circle weeping caballeros.

To sublet summer
there are twelve silences
and two lambs.

A hand claps the thirteenth
silence, as if a shell upon a liquescent beach.

Planted in a field against a shadow,
a priest spun webbed echoes the size of
Easter. A new constellation, itself backward,
now drips upon the pavement
electronic obsidian.

Gorgeous Illustrations

Feminine machines, themselves
like a fragrance, she said and the
table again strayed from its place
and moved about the room
with such lightness and laughter
and why are you reading
as her hands so absolute
in a good way, the precise manners
of New Englanders, like pillows,
filled with famine. Good luck there,
because love is a secret factory
manufacturing doubt and the
employees blow smoke rings
on their lunch breaks the size of
Manhattan. Scores of dahlias
feed him morning and, like green
sleep, right now is the time.

Mary Walker Graham

Double

Here is a box of fish marked tragedy.
Is it different from the dream

in which your alter ego kills the girl?
You are the same, and everyone knows it,

whether tracing the delicate lip of the oyster shell,
or sharpening your blade in the train car.

The marvelous glint is the same.
Though you think you sleep, you wake

and walk into the hospital, fingering
each instrument, opening each case with care.

The scales fall away with a scraping motion.
You are the surgeon and you are the girl.

Whether you lie like feathers on the pavement,
or coolly pocket your equipment, and walk away...

You are the same; and you are the same.
You only sleep to enter the luminous cave.

A Pit, A Broken Jaw, A Fever

When I say pit, I'm thinking of a peach's. As in *James and the Giant*, as in: the night has many things for a girl to imagine. The way the flesh of the peach can never be extricated, but clings—the fingers follow the juice. The tongue proceeds along the groove. Dark peach: become a night cavern—an ocean's inside us—a balloon for traveling over. When I said *galleons of strong arms without heads*, I meant natives, ancient. I meant it takes me a long time to get past the hands of men; I can barely get to their elbows. How a twin bed can become an anchor. How a balloon floating up the stairwell can become a person. Across the sea of the hallway then, I floated. I hung to the fluorescent fixtures in the bathroom, I saw a decapitated head on the toilet. I'll do anything to keep from going in there. I only find the magazines under the mattress, the Vaseline in the headboard cabinet. A thought so hot you can't touch it. A pit. A broken jaw. A fever.

Blues

Who guesses the hieroglyph,
wins—asleep
in the grass, alone
in the barn, under
a dull sky.

Who knows the cliff,
the score and its clef—
the stormy or placid after.

Shape with a hole in it.
Tree with a bend in it.
Bird on a branch.
The hieroglyph.

At St. Baume

It was a dimple of comfort:
sleeping long months,
forgetting. I must have dreamed

the ocean and its shore—
a chaos of gulls as the craft
pushed off; galleons

of strong arms without heads.
I leaned heavy toward shelter,
filling my own sails.

Now the smell of damp hair,
crusts of secretions. Something iron
that makes teeth clench

and the walls grow mold.
It was my own blood, finally.
When I woke I remembered

those last circles—how
the she-wolf turns and turns
before collapsing on stone.

Believing I Could Wait for Gladness

1.

Heart's a sea-sponge, on sea-floor

hearts of fire

Hanging paper lanterns

Dried coral

Heart like manzanita, mounded

Round and branched

Or a prickly pear, lobed

arid but in bloom

Heart's an oak, swept up, up-rooted

hearts of flame

Clustered red berries, barren bush

Heart's an oak

2.

Green, green with the gray

in it; rock with the lichen

on it; I was once so still

I could be moved by rain,

believing I could wait

for gladness. Now the whole

world out the window

shakes; when I come to it,

as beside "still waters,"

it will be round and branched,

or lobed, like a prickly pear.

Then my heart quickened

as the cat slept in the underbrush.

3.

Or crouched, his thighs

coiled to spring, but now

I imagine, goes for

the throat. Believing

I could wait for gladness.

But *sinks* in; that's

the problem: the surrender,
and no taker. What if I, too,
seized? Preyed,

like a hawk sees.
It's simple, see—
I can find it.

4.
Then, jeweled with fat
purple plums, the tree
capsizes. Nothing but that
which was first abandoned,
left in the dirt to claw out
a first direction.
The root ball's not too heavy;
this gust of wind is all it takes.

Brian Kim Stefans

White Sestina

Again, they've tricked me out of bed
With the rumor of sight. No casual joke,
It seems they didn't know what they were doing
As if this dawn of rose and of white
Were the gist of some other problem they were working
On. I am up now, and seething

With expectation. How I am seething
That the vision filtered through, and on my bed
Stood, for a sweet second, the pilot working
Its craft down to its pad, like a joke
Which promised to be innocently white
Discovered, in the end, to be something doing!

And though I wish I were doing
Pet tricks, like a hound who can't stop seething
Espying through the brush notes of white
(A brand new car, or pillow for its bed)
I am rarely ever in on it, when the joke
Escapes into the higher lights, like a clock never working.

But I am working, I am working
Listening to what the repair man's doing
To the faucet upstairs, and when a joke
Falls from his lips, like a bubble from a trepanned seething,
I recoil like a child in its bed
Taking notes, but protecting its fairly white

Neck, wanting to keep it white. White
The clouds want to show they're working
But I take it they need not lift my bed
To rise to the stars, to explain what they're doing
So many weeks on the ground, the forum seething
With suspicion, that the mission be some sort of joke!

And, someday, we will just joke
About it, Aeneas. But say this to him, white
Is the cloud, like a bang, and the working
A fairer standard to satisfy the seething.
Sure, it is clear there is something doing.

So lie down here, next to me, in my bed.

For the bed is the joke

Doing lines before the judges, who are white

With pride and indignation, seething, working.

Complaint of Pierrot

from Laforgue

Oh, that model soul
bade me her adieu
because my eyes...too?
 lacked principle.

She, such tender bread
(now a Wonder loaf)
...typical! gives birth
 to one more brat.

For, married, she is
always with a guy
who *is* a “nice guy,”
 hence his genius.

Jessica Lee White

Tricks

A gunslinger, my father called me.
Also "mouth," for the arguments.
I am both more and less attractive than he thought I was.

Last night, or this morning,
I dreamt I had a drawer just for undergarments,
and it was full of babies, and some sashes.

It's that way, isn't it? Thinking about
Don Imus instead of myself, the hierarchy
of Leno coming second. Leaning forward.

Either way I'm okay. It's more fun, the weather,
picking items to prepare. Also, I wouldn't tell you
if I didn't want you to know you were made up.

I am hearing again
the beginnings of "Amazing Grace."
You can do little things like that.

The Sexuality of Prolepsis

In a lyrical space
I do not see you

or the hysteria
of your runaway bride.

It's a Saturday, only,
it is not wartime

and you are not appropriate
with that shouting

and hollering to-do.
I should lie, say

I dreamt about you.
Make you quiet.

BIO NOTES

Christopher Goodrich currently teaches at-risk high school students in inner city Philadelphia. He has also taught at New York University and Frostburg State University. As a director, he has appeared off and off-off Broadway. His poems have appeared in *Entelechy International*, *Diner*, *5AM*, *Kestrel*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Rattle*, *The New York Quarterly*, *The Sycamore Review* and *The Worcester Review* among others. He has also been featured on Verse Daily. He is a recipient of a Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Poetry Prize and holds an M.F.A. from New England College. *A Chapbook, By Reaching*, is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press. A full length manuscript, *Nevertheless, Hello* is currently seeking a publisher. He lives with his wife Rachel and dog Seamus in New Jersey.

Mary Walker Graham is the co-founder of Rope-a-Dope Collaborative, a printing co-op for artists and writers located in South Boston, MA. Her poems have also appeared in *Poetry Magazine*, *Poetry Daily*, and *42opus*.

Steve Halle, a dread suburbanite, teaches high school and coaches American football with a somewhat iconoclastic incorporation of the Buddhist/Christian philosophy of loving one's opponent. He has an MFA from New England College, where he started the poetry ball a-rolling. He manages the blogs *Seven Corners* (which publishes Chicago poets) and *Fluid / Exchange* (which publishes Steve's own culture-related thought-detritus). Steve has critical and creative work published or forthcoming in *Jacket*, *Moria*, *PFS Post*, *Alehouse*, *Cordite*, *OCHO*, *ACM* (*Another Chicago Magazine*), and others.

Rob McLennan currently lives directly between Ottawa's Chinatown and Little Italy neighbourhoods, and was called "Centretown's poet laureate" by David Gladstone in *The Centretown Buzz* in the mid-1990s. The author of twelve previous trade poetry collections in Canada and England, he has published poetry, fiction, interviews, reviews and columns in over two hundred publications in fourteen countries and in four languages, and done reading tours in five countries on two continents. The editor/publisher of *above/ground press* and the long poem magazine *STANZAS* (both founded in 1993), the online critical journal *Poetics.ca* (with Ottawa poet Stephen Brockwell) and the Ottawa poetry annual *ottawater* (ottawater.com), he edits the ongoing Cauldron Books series through Broken Jaw Press, edited the anthologies *evergreen: six new poets* (Black Moss Press), *side/lines: a new canadian poetics* (Insomniac Press), *GROUNDSWELL: the best of above/ground press, 1993-2003* (Broken Jaw Press) and *Decalogue: ten Ottawa poets* (Chaudiere Books), and runs the semi-annual ottawa small press book fair, which he co-founded in 1994, currently under the umbrella of the small press action network - ottawa ([span-o](http://span-o.org)), which he also runs. Fall

2007 sees the appearance of a new poetry collection with Ireland's Salmon Publishing, a collection of literary essays appears with Toronto's ECW Press, a novella with The Mercury Press, and a title for Vancouver publisher Arsenal Pulp Press, *Ottawa: The Unknown City*. His online home is at www.track0.com/rob_mclennan, and he often posts reviews, essays, rants and other nonsense at www.robmclennan.blogspot.com. His thirteenth trade poetry collection is *The Ottawa City Project* (Chaudiere Books), and he was recently named writer-in-residence for the University of Alberta for the 2007-8 academic year, and leaves in September for Edmonton. He will be back for good about nine months later.

David Prater (b. 1972) is a Melbourne-based writer and editor. Since 2000 he has edited Cordite Poetry Review (www.cordite.org.au), an online poetry journal funded by the Australia Council for the Arts. His work has appeared in many Australian magazines including Meanjin, Southerly, The Age, Going Down Swinging, Best Australian Poetry 2003, Overland and papertiger, as well as several international anthologies and magazines. In 2005 he was awarded a new work grant from the Australia Council for the Arts, and also travelled to Seoul (ROK) as an Asialink resident. He has performed at various Australian festivals including the National Young Writers Festival, Next Wave Festival, Melbourne Writers Festival and the Nimbin Performance Poetry Cup. His debut poetry collection, *We Will Disappear*, is published in 2007 by soi3, an imprint of papertiger media.

Larry Sawyer curates the Myopic Poetry Reading Series in Wicker Park, Chicago. His poetry and reviews have appeared in publications such as Court Green, Arson, MiPOesias, The Prague Literary Review, Coconut, Exquisite Corpse, Ygdrasil, the Miami Sun Post, the Tiny, Jacket, Hunger, Skanky Possum, and elsewhere. He also edits the online literary magazine www.milkmag.org.

Brian Kim Stefans has published several books of poetry including *Free Space Comix* (Roof Books, 1998), *Gulf* (Object Editions, 1998, downloadable at ubu.com) and *Angry Penguins* (Harry Tankoos, 2000), along with several chapbooks, most recently "What Does It Matter?" from Barque Press. *Fashionable Noise: On Digital Poetics*, a collection of essays, poetry and interviews, appeared in 2003 from Atelos. His newest books are *What Is Said to the Poet Concerning Flowers* (Factory School, 2006), collecting over six years of poetry, and *Before Starting Over: Selected Writings and Interviews 1994-2005*, to be published in September, 2006, by Salt Publishing.

Jessica Lee White lives and writes in Philadelphia. A graduate of Temple University, her work has appeared in *Eratio* and elsewhere.

